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CHRISTOPHE

(A Tragedy)



By
William Edgar Easton

William Edgar Carson Jr.
The Author

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CHRISTOPHE



A TRAGEDY IN PROSE
OF
IMPERIAL HAITI

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BY
WILLIAM EDGAR EASTON
Author of "Dessalines," etc.

Illustrated by John McCullough

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KING HENRI CHRISTOPHE

TO THE
LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS



MISS HENRIETTA VINTON DAVIS, TRAGEDIENNE
Interpretation of Pere L'Avenge.

TO VIMU
ALASKA

CHRISTOPHE

A TRAGEDY IN HAITI

By WILLIAM EDGAR EASTON

. . . Dramatis Personae . . .

Christophe.....	Emperor and Suicide
Dessalines.....	Emperor Assassinated
Dubois.....	General and Intimate of Christophe
Alphonse De Pays.....	Soldier and Avenger
Antoine.....	Tavern-Keeper
Amede.....	Lover of Valerie
Jacques.....	Afterward the Chevalier, Egotist
Pierre.....	General and True Friend of Christophe
Labille.....	General
Claudaine.....	General
Valerie.....	Afterward False Priest and Avenger
“.....	Pere L' Avenge
La Belle.....	Ballet Dancer
Mamam.....	Mother of Jacques
Susanne.....	Wife of Jacques
Officers, Soldiers, Dancers, Secretaries and Sentinels	

ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY

ACT I.—Dessalines had himself proclaimed Emperor, and thereby awakened the strong, but not open enemy, of CHRISTOPHE, who had been his comrade in arms, during and after the Revolutionary war of Toussaint L' Ouverture. The date of this Act is 1806, at Port au Prince, Haiti. It is the occasion of the repeal of the Constitution L' Ouverture, the Republic, and the strengthening of the autocratic government of Dessalines. The incidents of this Act are the arrest of Amede, which proves to be his final disappearance; the assassination of Dessalines at the hands of the misinformed Alphonse de Pays, at the instigation of Christophe and Dubois. Christophe declared Emperor.

ACT II.—Scene in Cape Francois, year 1811. Incidents: The conspiracy to destroy and overthrow the government of Christophe. Valerie, the former sweetheart of Amede, who was assassinated, now appears disguised as the Priest Pere L'Avenge; she becomes the confidant of Christophe with the intention of leading him to his destruction, in order to avenge the death of her sweetheart. Alphonse de Pays joins her in order to avenge the betrayal and death of Paula. The story of how far the Revolution goes on to despoil and overthrow Christophe. Pere L' Avenge rescues Alphonse de Pays from the mob, who recognizes in him

the assassin of Dessalines whom the people of Haiti dearly love.

ACT III.—Seven years follow, 1818, Petion having died Boyer becomes the advancing victor. Camp of the sorely beset troops of Christophe. Dubois disheartened; Christophe desperate; reports of most desperate straits by Generals Pierre, Labille and Claudaine. Pere L' Avenge brings false news, and thereby betrays Christophe and his sorely wounded and fatigued troops into an ambushade. Dubois fights a deadly duel with Alphonse de Pays, both slain. Pere L' Avenge or Valerie predicts her own death, and that of Christophe.

ACT IV.—Christophe and the remnant of his troops at Sans Souci, supposedly impregnable—a veritable Gibraltar. Pere L' Avenge who has the secret of the exit and entrance tunnel of the Palace, and having betrayed the secret to the enemy, awaits their coming. In a spirit of bravado, Christophe has his players give the ballet of the Sirens, and the Feast of Glory, as he boastfully calls it. At the height of the revelry, news comes that the enemy have penetrated the outer court of the Palace; the revelers disperse in fright and confusion; the soldiers withdraw to build barricades. Christophe, being alone with his favorite general, says to Pierre, "Slay me with my own sword that I may not fall into the hands of my enemy." Pierre finally flees from him, crying: "Not by my hand!" Enter Pere L' Avenge, his diabolic plan of vengeance demands the Soul of Christophe, as well as his earthly overthrow. Christophe implores Pere L' Avenge to take the sword and by thrusting him through, let him die a soldier's death; Pere L' Avenge prevails on Chris-

tophe to die a suicide. In Christophe's death agony, Pere L' Avenge discloses his identity; upbraids and reviles him. The dying man summons sufficient strength to thrust Pere L' Avenge through. Both falling dead at the same time. In luminous lettering: "VENGEANCE IS MINE; I WILL REPAY," appears above. Enter victors crying: "Boyer! Boyer!" and "Vive la Republique d'Haiti!" "Dieu et mon Epee!"

CURTAIN

The Prologue

(“Marseillaise, pianissimo. Enter Jacques and Antoine.)

ANTOINE

Liberty! Is it not good?

JACQUES

“It is better than “chains, gyve and goad.” It is best of all; both for the free and freed. It is in the air; it is everywhere.

ANTOINE

Liberty, to be loved and defended most, must be won, not given or received as one would give or receive a mere bauble.

JACQUES

On many a gory battlefield Haitiens won their liberty; they but regained an inherent right.

ANTOINE

And how sorely beset we may be, we shall always remember, “God and my Sword.”

JACQUES

Look! at times it grows dark.

ANTOINE

Fear not; it will grow Light again.
(Scene darkened. Enter Man; "lash and shackle
and gyve and goad," just cast aside.)

(Scene light.)

MAN RECITES:

AFRICANUS TRIUMPHANS

Inscribed to William Edgar Easton by John S. McGroarty, Poet-Editor of Los Angeles Daily Times, West Coast Magazine.

When, out of the chaos, earth was hurled,
And God's great mandate spread;
When he made the races to fill the world—
Yellow and white and red—
There was one made black, and the other three
Seeing him, asked to know
Whence, from what darkness cometh he?
And whither does he go?

And the black man said God made us free,
White and black men all,
Yellow or red, whichever we be,
There shall be no bond or thrall;
But they said his lips had spoken lies,
For the brand was on his cheek,
And they dulled their ears to his children's cries,
And the word his tongue would speak.

So, through the centuries hath he borne,
With shoulders bowed to the wheel,
The whole world's burdens and its scorn—
Its bloodhounds at his heel.
Bound he stood in the palace hall,
He was chained in the galleyed ships,
Yet, with deathless courage he braved it all,
With the challenge upon his lips.

Out from the ages, stained and dim
With curse and wrong and hate,
He comes with the patient heart of him
Unbent of Time or Fate.
Lash and shackle and gyve and goad
He bore through grief and dole,
Yet stands at last, from the weary load,
Erect with dauntless soul.

There was never an hour of the countless years
When the Slavers' white sail gleaned,
But through the rain of his blood and tears,
Of his birthright still he dreamed;
There was never a night of gloom and pain
But brought him its hope of morn,
With the vision of Liberty dawned again,
And the freedom he lost, new born.

He comes with his glory from wars of death
For the flag that made him free,
He comes from the cannon's thundrous breath
That he faced all fearlessly;
He comes with the songs his poets sing,
With the pictures his painters drew,
With the music the tongues of his pleaders ring,
And the things that his hands can do.

He comes, my brother, whoever you be—
Yellow, or white, or red—
In the fair, full light of his destiny,
With the word that, of old, he said.
Gentle and patient and brave and strong,
With the faith of his soul unworn,
And the time is past for shackle and thong,
And the time is past for scorn.

O olden race of the jungle and hill,
O olden race and strong,
Brave be your hearts with the challenge still,
And glad be your lips with song.
Look up to the glory that flames the skies,
The gloom of the night is done ;
Oh, shout to the morning with victor cries,
For the long, hard fight is won!

CURTAIN

Christophe

ACT I

SCENE: GARDEN OF FLOWERS. Government buildings in distance. Time, evening. Colored lights, bunting and National flags. Throne, small table and chairs. One long table, upon which are quills, inkstand and papers. At opening of the Act, Jacques and Mamam are busily engaged arranging cups and saucers upon tables.

JACQUES

Again I tell you Mamam, I will be pleased with nothing less than a marquis! Why, there is Pierre; Dessalines made him a Duc—Duc de la Fer—Ha! ha!

MAMAM

Fool!

JACQUES

Well, I will not be the only fool with a title on this Island.

MAMAM

Let me tell you, Jacques, there will be a great tumbling of titled gentry on this Island. Look to it that you are not one of them.

JACQUES

Fear not for me, good mother, I was never cut out for a waiter in a public garden. By Susanne, I will

be nothing less than a vicomte. (Shouts and laughter from without.) Ah, here come the good people to celebrate the new Constitution of Dessalines, our Emperor. (Entering people laughing and crying: "Vive l'Empereur!" Seat themselves at tables.)

ANTOINE

Here, you sweet ambling donkey, brandy for all of us! We drink to the health of the new Empire! Is it not so mes comrades?

OMNES

Ay, ay, the new Empire!

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

(Arising, and staggering to his feet.) To the devil with your New Empire!

OMNES

What!

JACQUES

Treason!

OMNES

Good!

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

No, brandy, you scullions—and be quick about it!

JACQUES

Monsieur, I do not know your title—pardon me—your name; but the brandy here is furnished by the Commissaire, only to be drunk to the health of the new Empire.

OMNES

Good!

ANTOINE

(Slapping Jacques on the shoulder.) Good, noble youth! Remember that I am behind you.

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

Enough! Here is a golden louis. Bring me brandy; brandy for all!

JACQUES

Sir, I am above the bribe.

OMNES

Good!

ANTOINE

Brave garçon!

JACQUES

Monsieur, if you will permit me, you can drink here, only to the health of the new Empire.

ANTOINE

With marked deference.

JACQUES

With profound deference.

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

C'est bien—Brandy for all! (Jacques fills glasses.)

JACQUES

The toast, Monsieur.

OMNES

Ay! ay! the toast!

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

Ay! the toast; to the devil with your new Empire!

JACQUES

Seize him, the traitor! (Men rush forward; Alphonse draws his sword; enter Christophe and Dubois.)

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

Come on, you brutes! I will spit every one of you on this good steel of mine!

CHRISTOPHE

What means this riot? Sheathe your sword, and back to your accustomed trades!

JACQUES

But this man, General, he dared drink perdition to his gracious Majesty, the Emperor!

MAMAM

(Aside.) The numbskull! Does he not know that Christophe hates Dessalines, worse than the devil hates holy-water?

CHRISTOPHE

(Aside.) Gracious majesty! (Aloud.) Sir, do you know the enormity of your offense in the sight of these good people? (Aside.) Dubois, you take this man aside; we may need him this very day. (Aloud.) Now, good people, let us drink to the prosperity and freedom of our beloved Haiti! Yes, the freedom of our Country! (While all drink, Alphonse and Dubois retire to the rear, and engage in conversation. Christophe strolls about and kindly greets the people. Enter Amede and Valerie, the latter clinging to the former.)

VALERIE

Ah, my Amede, it was such a sad dream; at my feet the billowing waves washed, and the roaring of the waters so affrighted me, that I clung frantically to you. It seemed to me, that we could not escape the angry waves. But it was not for myself, dearest, I feared; it was for you; I clung to you only, that you should not be lost to me. But, a great wave came, and quite engulfed us; you were borne out upon the troubled waters, and I—I was left standing desolate and alone upon the gleaming sands. And though the waves hid you from my tearful sight, I could hear your loved voice loud and clear as the vespers bell, crying, "O Valerie, I die, but if you would meet with me again, where there is no parting, Avenge my death!"

AMEDE

Nothing but a dream, dearest, nothing but a dream; one of those strange phantasies that should leave no unrest behind.

VALERIE

But this was not all. A great shadow hid the angry sea, a glorious light fell upon me. It appeared that I was changed from a weak and trembling woman, to a strong angry man; and what was most fearful of all, I,—I lived to avenge your wrongs.

AMEDE

Ha! ha! Away with those gloomy thoughts! Never was life more promising for us. Peace now reigns in Haiti, and beneath its wave, prosperity will be nursed back to life again. Remember, too, dearest, that Dessalines is now upon the throne, and we—we

will soon be man and wife—no, we will always be sweethearts. Ha! ha! little one, I have you there.

VALERIE

Ah, perhaps, let us hope all will be well. But my thoughts will wing their dismal flights, and premonitions are strong upon me.

AMEDE

Look into my eyes, fond one, and see how they fairly swim on seas of hope! Our friend has been crowned Emperor and all should be joy and gayety. Ah, I see Lucille! She has espied you—over to her side, you will forget unprofitable forebodings, and I will chat with my oldtime friend Antoine. (Amede and Valerie part and go to opposite sides. Dubois and Alphonse seated at remote table. Amede's attention attracted by conversation, he pauses back of them, where he is not noticed.)

DUBOIS

This is then your final answer?

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

I am a soldier, my General, this would be murder. Tell me to face a score of blades, and I will spit or be spitted; but to kill an unarmed man. Bish! this is no work for me.

DUBOIS

For you all things. You forget! Who was it decreed the death of your old father? Who was it caused your venerated mother to die of a broken heart? Who was it that drove you from your estates? Who now seeks your life? You are not to be imprisoned, not tried, but to be shot down at sight, like a dog.

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

Ay, ay, General, these things have embittered my life, made me what I am, a reckless blade. But—

DUBOIS

Ah! you have scruples? brigand!

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

I am still a man—

DUBOIS

Who dare not avenge his wrongs.

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

Who will not murder.

DUBOIS

Listen! You remember the beautiful Paula—Ah, you start! Let me be plain—she became the mistress of—

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

(Arising sword in hand.) You LIE! Repeat the infamy, and you die!

DUBOIS

It is well, you will not slay a woman, you are too brave for that. Go, go, question that old woman yonder; (Points to Mamam) she will tell you where to find Paula's grave.

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

Paula's grave! (Rushes toward Mamam.)

DUBOIS

Ha! ha! Go to that grave; and your thoughts will shape themselves into deeds worthy a brigand. (Dubois turning suddenly, sees the look of horror on Amede's face.) You heard?

AMEDE

God help me! I heard.

DUBOIS

Guard, (Consternation among the people) arrest this man, and hold him incommunicado!

AMEDE

Why my arrest? I have committed no crime. Of what am I accused?

DUBOIS

You are accused of hearing too much. Guard, your duty!

VALERIE

(Rushing between Amede and Guard.) Oh, do not arrest this man, without a hearing! He can be guilty of no crime. Is it not so my Amede? Do you not love these people? Would you not die for this Government? Oh! messieurs, be kind, my good people. Though you be a Mulatre, speak my Amede, tell these good people, you are their friend. Indeed! indeed! is not Amede, the trusted friend of Dessalines?

DUBOIS

I do not know you. By what right do you give evidence for this man's loyalty?

VALERIE

The right that every woman has, to speak a good word for her betrothed. (Bugle from without. Guard hurries out Amede accompanied by Valerie. People cry: "Vive l'Empereur!" Dessalines enters with Court. At foot of the throne Dessalines pauses.)

DESSALINES

Kind friends, we rejoice that peace reigns throughout Haiti, our angry steel having vanquished our foe, with the pen we will give Haitians a Constitution worthy of a self-freed people. (Seated on throne.) Such a Constitution must be warm as the mid-day sun; it must breathe the air of our Afric sires; it must coddle the hearts of Haitians; it must burn the brain of Frenchmen. Ah, we will take for our inkstand a Frenchman's skull, for our parchment his skin; for our ink his blood, and write the Constitution with our bayonets. In such a manner should the Constitution of our Country be written. (Secretaries proceed to write. Christophe and Dubois stand to right of throne, heads covered.)

DESSALINES

General Christophe, you forget!

CHRISTOPHE

General.

DESSALINES

What!

DUBOIS

For both of us: Your Imperial Majesty. (Christophe and Dubois uncover.)

FIRST SECRETARY

Your Majesty, shall the Constitution permit a Frenchman to own land in Haiti?

DESSALINES

Yes! So write it in the Constitution—a Frenchman can own no more, no less, than six feet of earth.

OMNES

Great Dessalines!

DESSALINES

General Christophe, it is close a fortnight on, that I gave orders that Cape Francois be cleared of the mulatres. How have my orders been obeyed?

CHRISTOPHE

If it pleased your Majesty, I have proclaimed extended time, so in their haste they would not leave all behind.

DESSALINES

Were these my orders?

CHRISTOPHE

Your majesty, they were not your orders.

DESSALINES

Were not my orders—and you dare stand there, and prate your disobedience of my imperial will?

CHRISTOPHE

When you saw fit to make me Prince, and place me at the head of the army, methought in emergencies such as these, I had the right to make terms for more thorough service.

DESSALINES

You, you, head of the army! Presumption, this!
You, Prince! Ha! ha! Yes, a puppet of my whims!
By terms of mine you live, by mine you die!

CHRISTOPHE

(Covering his head and advancing.) Now, it is you that forget,—you forget,—forget that I, too, fought for Liberty. I was your comrade in arms; I helped make these people free! free! not to be slaves to your imperial will, not to bend nor cringe to any power on earth, in hell or in Heaven!

DESSALINES

(Arising in great perturbation.) Conspiracy, revolt! treason! This to me—to me!

DUBOIS

Audience, audience, great Dessalines, for the old soldier!

OMNES

Audience, audience, Great Dessalines, for the old soldier!

DESSALINES

All ready; have you made your friends? Ah, 'tis well! Retire all, with my permission, out of hearing. I will speak to this old soldier of yours, and perchance, he will make a better subject. (All retire except Dessalines and Christophe.)

DESSALINES

Christophe!

CHRISTOPHE

Dessalines !

DESSALINES

Two names Haitians love, two names that should be linked inseparably in friendship.

CHRISTOPHE

And so they are by ties of blood.

DESSALINES

They are not !

CHRISTOPHE

To me they are.

DESSALINES

To you—they are not !

CHRISTOPHE

Again, I say to—

DESSALINES

Again, to you I say, you lie !

CHRISTOPHE

(Sword half drawn.) Ah !

DESSALINES

It is not your sword I fear. I will be plain with you, I will speak so an infant can understand. It was at Trianon, methinks, you sought to divide in double sovereignty this Island. For me, the West, you said; for you, the East. I would not consent to this; but I forced you to confess that I was the senior officer,

and at Trianon, Neybra, Lacroix, and at Porte au Prince, at Samana, at Cape Francois, it was I, I who lead the assaults; it was I, I who won the victories! All this you owed to me, and further went. It was best, you said, that this be a united country. It was you, who in the Council, did advise and urge the repeal of the Constitution L'Ouverture. You it was that said: "For the children of warm Afric's clime, kings must rule as in their native land." All this you said and more. You it was that urged me to proclaim myself ruler over all. Ah, where were you on the day of the coup d'etat? Here? To set a lesson in loyalty? No! You were in the mountains, far from public gaze, forsooth, awaiting the news of: "All had failed." You know me, and still you know me not. Pétion is your friend; he and his mulatres cry, "Christophe, ami des peuples, Christophe is humane, Dessalines the brute!" They plot,—you, you conspire. And I,—should have your head for this!

CHRISTOPHE

Overcome by anger, you would destroy your friends! I will not reproach you; but is it not true that, during the retreat from Soucrière, you—you had slain one hundred blacks, at Toulouche?

DESSALINES

Ay, ay! I slew them; they would not fight for liberty; men who would not be free, are not fit to live.

CHRISTOPHE

You accuse me without cause—me and my friends.

DESSALINES

Ah, there it is, me and my friends. You should have

no other friends, save mine; they who love Haitians first; who fought to free them, and not to enslave them. I know you and your friends do plot, and weave spider webs for me and mine. Ah, I am unlike you a reader of books, who can tell what Caesar said, and what Cicero wrote. When night comes, I sleep; I do not prowl like wolves, to snarl and bite. Ah, Petion's dog-soldiers? Ha! ha!

CHRISTOPHE

I care not what Petion, and his emissaries do, I can crush them when the time comes.

DESSALINES

The time has come, has all but passed. Cape Francois is honeycombed with agencies of these mulatres, and you hope to profit by the disquiet of these foes to my sovereignty. Through you is France negotiating with the affected East!

CHRISTOPHE

Dessalines, you wrong me.

DESSALINES

I wrong Haiti, to let you live!

CHRISTOPHE

I love neither France, nor the mulatres.

DESSALINES

I do not accuse you of loving them, but I accuse you of betraying me. The succession is fixed, can you not wait? O! Christophe.

CHRISTOPHE

Nay, in your anger, each image is a new foe.

DESSALINES

Listen, Christophe, you would be ruler over all, and dare question my right to rule. You forget, I am in my natural rights. I was to kingly powers born, and not by election made. I am of the Foolah tribe, those who by divine right and conquest rule in my native land. The blood of generations of kings courses through my veins, and the people of Haiti know this—the fighting people—those who freed Haiti. You, a descendant of slaves—a Coramenta—beast of burden, woman-men. Ah, be calm, like me; for the goad is not well applied. You reader of books, burner of midnight oil, smooth acting deceit, ay, blows from behind are your weapons—blows, blows harder than adamant rock—blows in the opening, foes face to face, force to force are mine!

CHRISTOPHE

How shall I bear all this and be your friend?

DESSALINES

My friend? I ask it not, but my open foe you must.

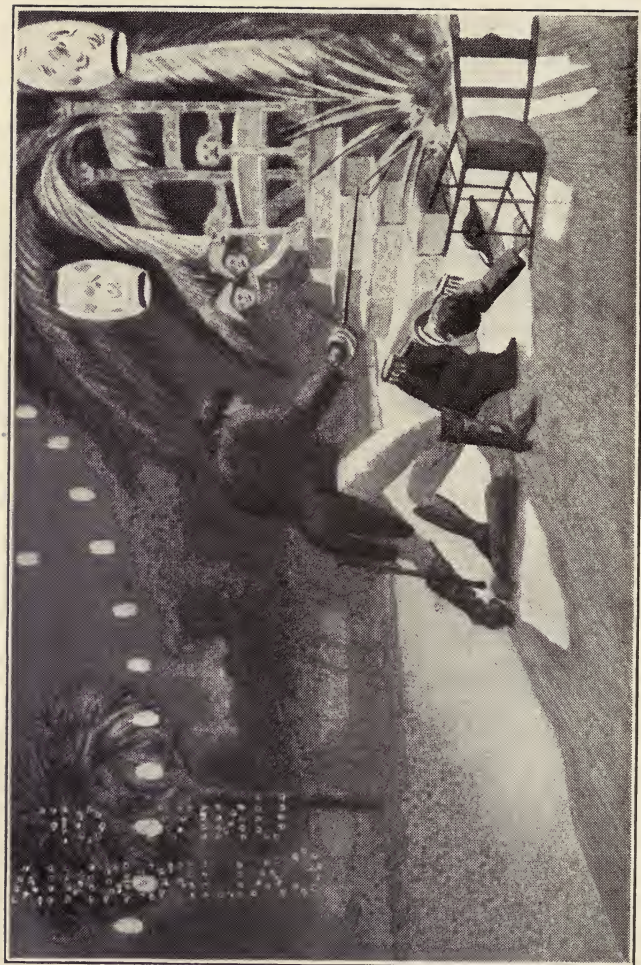
CHRISTOPHE

Was ever man so goaded!

DESSALINES

Nay, it is your conscience that pricks you, your disordered spleen; it is the vile purpose that is in you! (Cries from without, "Paula, Paula!" Christophe starts.)

DEPT. OF
CULTURE



ALPHONSE DE PAYS—"DIE ACCURSED OF ALL MEN"

CHRISTOPHE

(Aside.) So soon the grave of Paula affects his wits.

DESSALINES

What said you?

CHRISTOPHE

It is some madman who raves for one Paula.

DESSALINES

Paula, say you? Methinks, the same sounds familiar. Ah, she it was, I saved from your lust, only to go mad and die!

CHRISTOPHE

I would have made her my wife.

DESSALINES

Wife, one among the many! Good God! To have such men to officer my brave fighting men! (Cries draw nearer: "Paula you will be avenged!") (Enter Alphonse de Pays, with drawn sword, hatless, crying the name of Paula, and thrusting. As Dessalines turns his back to Christophe, the latter quietly retires.)

DESSALINES

You have a sword, disarm the madman, ere he do harm. (Dessalines turning.) Ah, gone! (Alphonse advancing on Dessalines: "Give me back my Paula!") I have not your Paula, I would parley with you. (Dessalines slowly retreating, Alphonse stealthily advancing.)

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

Give me back my Paula! Already, have I thrust

through twenty blacks. Give me back my Paula! (Alphonse advancing, glares into the face of Dessalines and recognizes him.) Ah, it is he! Die, dog!—die accursed of all men! (Alphonse thrusts Dessalines through, and rushing from the scene cries: “Avenged Paula!” Enter Christophe and Dubois; pause at remains of Dessalines.)

DUBOIS

His imperial majesty is dead! Ha! ha! his reign of terror is over.

CHRISTOPHE

Speak not his epitah; it ill becomes our lips to speak harshly of the dead. He was slain that others more deserving might live. (Shouts from without.)

DUBOIS

Let us away! We must not be the first to discover this.

CHRISTOPHE

Yes, like murderers, let us away. (Exeunt Christophe and Dubois. Enter Jacques and people.)

JACQUES

Oh, good people, the crazy mulatre told the truth! Ah, I know the real murderers! May the devil get them! (Enter Christophe and Dubois.)

JACQUES

(Pointing to Christophe.) Long live the Emperor!

OMNES

Vive l'Empereur! Vive!

JACQUES

Ahem! I will not be less than a Duke now.

CURTAIN

THE
UNIVERSITY OF
CHICAGO

McGillough



THE CONSPIRACY

ACT II

Scene: PLACE DES PEUPLES; Hotel Mouton, in open, tables and chairs for guests. Church facing Square. Heard as curtain arises the chant: "Ite missa est." Response by choir, "Amen." Antoine busy about tables.)

ANTOINE

Well, the good people who attend mass, will want their strong black coffee, and it is ready for them. (Enter people from church and after them Valerie, in habit of priest: bowing right and left, takes a seat at a distant table. Hereafter, Valerie shall be known as Pere L'Avenge.) Ah, the good cure, he must have his coffee and gill of wine. He is indeed the friend of the People.

FIRST CITIZEN

(Pointing to L'Avenge.) Is it not strange, he has been here quite a fortnight today, and he is yet to say a mass, or hear a confession?

SECOND CITIZEN

Bah! 'Tis not strange; he says his masses when the cock first crows, and you old lazy-bones are still in bed.

FIRST CITIZEN

But, that is not all; he speaks with no one but old Antoine, and each day Antoine gives him a package, and in return Antoine receives gold. Indeed, a whole louis. And again, when the good Father opens the package, sometimes he is so pleased, that he laughs not at all like a priest, and sometimes, he reads and is very angry. (Enter Antoine with coffee and a small package, the latter he slyly passes to L'Avenge. Sound of

tom-tom, enter Mamam followed by Jacques, extravagantly dressed.)

MAMAM

(Heralds.) "Chevalier Boismurande de Montmorancy, Royal Equerry to his puissant Highness, Henri I, and Major-domo of the Imperial stables—Oyez, oyez!" Mamam exhausted, drops in chair and tom-tom falls in clatter to floor.)

JACQUES

(Bowing profoundly.) Behold the patron of the common people, your friend.

MAMAM

Largesse! Largesse!

PEOPLE

(Poking fun.) Largesse! largesse!

JACQUES

(Throwing coins on table.) Drink, drink, good and deep, my humble friends. (People laughing, while Antoine fills glasses. L'Avenge who has been reading contents of package, with an ejaculation of impatience, arises and withdraws.)

FIRST CITIZEN

Was there ever such a vain fellow, his poor mother has become his valet, and forsooth, she must address him Chevalier? Ha! ha!

SECOND CITIZEN

Bah! most mothers are the delighted servant in their children's household. Ah, but the simple, he dearly

loves the People! Does he not seek us out, to tell us the Court news?

FIRST CITIZEN

Love the people—Ha! ha! Jacques loves only himself. See you not he does this to air his grandeur and himself? But wait, Susanne will soon be here; see how he flirts with La Belle. (Young woman springs from Jacques' lap.)

LA BELLE

Good, good, the Chevalier will sing for us!

PIERRE

(Arising.) Yes, my poor friends, I will regale you with the melody of—ahem—my dulcet notes. You shall listen to the first verse, which I shall sing in solo, and then—you are permitted to join me in the next. Endeavor with your rude and uncultivated voices, not to destroy the harmony of mine. (Sings.)

I love the common People so well,
All I know, I never, never tell;
And at Court, they all say
The Chevalier is grand—he is gay,
But I hate to be speaking of Myself—
Of myself, of myself.

OMNES

Bravo, magnifique! (Sings.)

He is just as modest as can be,
As you all can plainly, plainly see;
And he is noble in his way,
Though at times, a little gay,
He does, believe in speaking of himself—
Of himself, of himself!

OMNES

(Laugh with great glee.)

JACQUES

My friends, my humble friends, I note with pleasure, a slight improvement in your tones. I might use the language of the art, its technique, but then—life is too short. Nevertheless, I am encouraged to believe, that I have not wasted upon you my numerous instructions.

OMNES

Ha! ha! good for the Chevalier!

FIRST CITIZEN

Now for the news!

OMNES

Yes, the news—the news!

JACQUES

Poor creatures, how anxious they are to learn of the doings of their betters. Ah! such glorious nights at Sans Souci! Learn then, we have—a ballet.

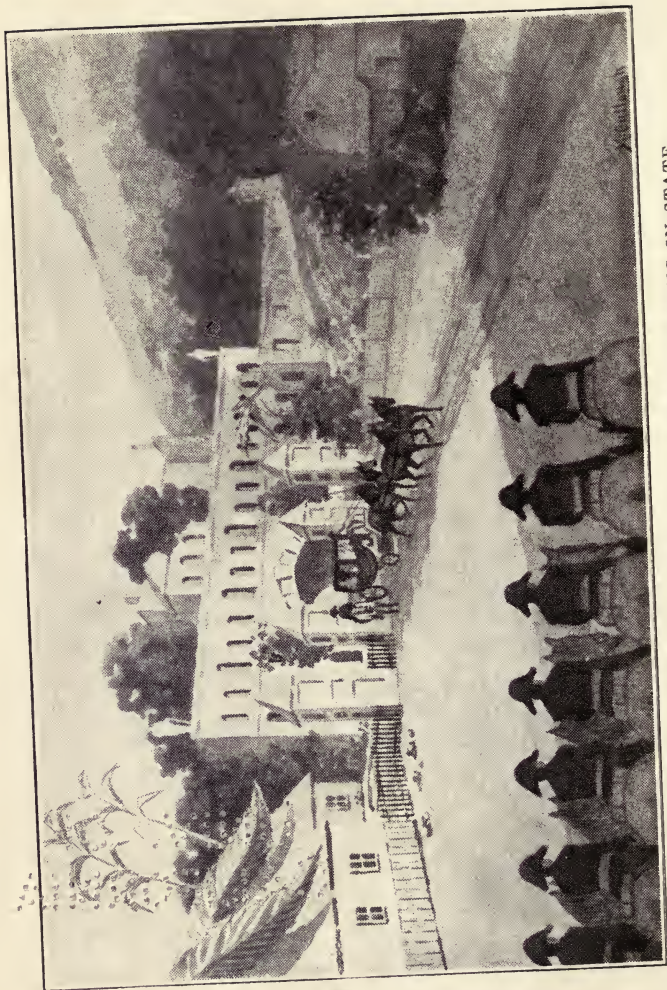
OMNES

A ballet!

JACQUES

And, a premiere danseuse! Ah, such shoulders—they are sublime. She glides—so; she pirroquets—thus; and she makes the pretty mouth to me in this manner. Ah, then the feast, the grande couchon, pates magnifique, the feast, nay, the banquet imperiale. Wine, wine all the time and—afterwards! Ah, im-

THE
OF
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OF



THE PALACE OF SANS SOUCI, KING HENRI LEAVING IN STATE

mense, a fight or more, at the pointe always, never the rude pistol, with its noise and smoke; presently, a splash, and all is over.

OMNES

Oh!

JACQUES

It is so easy, so considerate, you know. But in the morning,—ah bien— a few swollen heads, a thrust wound or so, and then—there may be a peculiar taste in the mouth; but the spirits of the man are toute ensemble. It is glorious, my simple friends, and now—be proud, in all these doings, your good friend Jacques—no, no, I mean your Chevalier—cuts a very wide swathe—very wide.

OMNES

(Laughing.) Brave Chevalier!

JACQUES

Oh, not so brave; only not afraid. This sentiment I will place upon my coat-of-arms—when my tailor has devised one. Ah, ma petite belle—she will sing. Her voice is exquisite—at times.

LA BELLE

(Sings, ad. lib.)

OMNES

Bravo, bravo!

JACQUES

My friends, you forget, I am the first to decide the merits of the singing—provided it has any merits.

OMNES

Good, good!

FIRST CITIZEN

Yes, the Chevalier, alone is capable of passing an opinion on such a weighty matter as art.

JACQUES

Thanks, my humble friends, La Belle, my poor child, you have sang sweetly; but your upper register is lacking in timbre—your expression is exquisite; but you lack feeling, and your technique is—unquestionably—raw. Be not discouraged, I will give you more instruction—when I have time to spare from matters diplomatique. Now, my friend Antoine, a toast to La Belle, Beauty and the Arts, the latter of which you know nothing. (Antoine fills glasses.)

OMNES

La Belle, Beauty, The Arts! (All drink standing. Alphonse and L'Avenge enter deep in conversation aside.)

JACQUES

Now my humble scholastiques, follow me and I shall show you something, wild, wierd and wonderful to your undeveloped intellects. It is: an aquarium.—En avant!

(People laughing, follow Jacques. Antoine, Pere L'Avenge and Alphonse de Pays, conversing leave. Enter Christophe cloaked, spurs, sword at side and on breast of coat broad ribbon, and order jewels. Christophe wearily seats himself at one of the tables.)

CHRISTOPHE

Ay, it must be so; though the world may judge me otherwise, it must be so: all the glories of my wars will shadow their bright light in the impenetrable gloom of quick distress. Death is but to die—to die—rot, leaving no sign to let it be known one ever lived, save monumental deeds. Ah, deeds that I would do, deeds have I done; deeds, deeds still to do. I shall build to live in Memory, and live to destroy that I may the better live. With me shall pass the glories of my countrymen! The piles that sorrows, pains and tears at Millot reared, two thousand feet above the yawning earth, graced majestic with Sans Souci and La Ferriere, whose sturdy base will survive ages yet to come. One shadow alone will molest my view. Oh! Jean Jacques, Dessalines, old comrade, once my friend! Oh! rugged soul, like you must I go! No—no, paltry slave shall thrust me to my end. When, where, how! When my work is meet and done, and Fate beckons me to the inevitable; when shall I die, when my work is o'er, I shall yet live in memory. Where shall I cease to live, I know not, neither do I care. Ah!—How, I have yet found no worthier hand the quietus to make, than this the hand I call my own. At death, I laugh for in the transition, there be many who go before. These fractious fools, who would destroy my autocratic reign, could but know in destroying me and mine, they but impale the glory of themselves! When the yokels of ages yet to come, pass through the King's highways, once worthy of the name, but then no more but shadows of their former like, they will in wonder, cry out: "Great Christophe, he knew more else than war; he knew the arts of Peace." And so they stare with op'd mouth in wonder from vast declivity, and

look upon the nobler ruins below, now the abode of creeping things, glutted with rank weeds and wirey grasses, the festering place of stark fevers, they, again, seeing the glory faded of my reign, will cry anew: "Great, wise Christophe!" Conspire ye fools, joy yourselves the while, for in my passing, bloody though it be, passes the true glory of your race!

(Noise from without.)

The rabble, fools! Happy for the hour, the hour is too long for such as they. Cannot I combat spectres? How, gives me cause for thought and—thinking fight—fight to increase the spectral troops, who in dreams alone are potent! I shall go—but how, when and where? I care not; only the ruthless ravage of time, can smooth the jagged footsteps of my glory. Perchance I have a conscience; perchance—I, too, am a fool. We will see, we will see! My name is still mighty in the land—more monuments shall I build—more enemy shall I destroy; I know best, and future ages, they will show—I knew best. My motto ever: Dieu et mon Epee. (Christophe slowly leaves. Enter Alphonse and L'Avenge.)

PERE L'AVENGE

This then, is all you have to tell me, who have waited so long to learn more. Ah, you have not even found the grave of Amede.

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

Too true, dear friend, this is all—but then Valerie—

PERE L'AVENGE

Speak not that name!—my real self was buried on that night, that saw the last of all my hopes of happi-

ness, as Father the Avenger,—I will have my resurrection.

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

A resurrection, that will mark the death of many ones' most cherished hopes. This, also, do I know, Rigaud returns; but it is not to assist Petion, as we supposed.

PERE L'AVENGE

I care not who he aids, so long as he makes war on Christophe.

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

That is assured. At this time where I am due, there is a meeting, to have read a message from Rigaud, and to decide how far advanced the work of the Revolution should be on. To you have I been sent, to learn the secret of the Tunnel. Deny me not, for we have waited long.

PERE L'AVENGE

You should not complain, for of great import, you have learned other things.

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

Indeed, we have, but nothing as important as this we wish to know.

PERE L'AVENGE

In due time, you shall know, but this is not the appointed time. Nay, my friend, the time has not arrived when all the secrets of Sans Souci should be known. Then again, you have not forgotten our agreement?

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

I have not forgotten. You said: "before the fall of the Empire, and the proclamation of Petion's government, I am to possess the person of Christophe, to dispose as I see fit."

PERE L'AVENGE

And you wondered why I made this the condition of my support?

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

Nay, I have never wondered, I know your sex well. Ah, how you women hate!

PERE L'AVENGE

How we women love! Think you, I have assumed this priestly guise and lived this double life, for nearly eleven years, simply to seek that beastly thing you call Revenge. Revenge is redress for wrongs, enduring only with the worldly expiation of the offense; more intense, absorbing, consuming—both body and soul—are what I seek. It may seem strange to you; but I have been revenged since the first day I entered the service of Christophe—now ten long years.

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

I have frequently wondered in what manner, you were able to enter so completely into the confidence of this man. It is currently reported that he confesses to you, ha! ha!—if this be so, what nightmares must you have, and what penance you must give him—ha! ha—unless he confesses only venial sins, and thoughtfully forgets his major offenses.

PERE L'AVENGE

It is true; I have learned the soul of this man—his thoughts are of my making; his acts are prompted by these thoughts—and his every deed is but the reflexion of my will. When today, he is guilty of one good deed, it is only that the deed of the morrow, may suffer by comparison. If at times, he appears as a father to his people, it is that the fiendish act that follows, may be received as another evidence of his natural ferocity and treachery. Ah, it is the soul—the soul, that I would damn, forever and—forever!

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

Why then in your agreement, you demanded that you have his body?

PERE L'AVENGE

In God's scheme of mercy, there be two sins that are unforgivable—one is despair. So full of woe shall be his downfall when the time comes, by his own hand shall he die. My vengeance demands that his memory shall be execrated of all men—history shall tell of all men—what he was. Time shall not gloss his crimes; age shall not smooth the rugged unevenness of this man's life. They who come after us, shall mock that such a creature ever reigned in Haiti.

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

This is indeed a magnificent hate!

PERE L'AVENGE

Ah, my friend, I have a weapon he dreams not of, and its name—is flattery! He dreams of Empire, whose borders will reach far on the Continent of North America—I have him believe that the slaves

across the Gulf, look to him for freedom, and at a moment's notice, are ready to revolt. Ay, that on the Floridan Peninsula, a hundred thousand Blacks, at short notice, are ready to assemble, and call him Chief. In Jamaica, Porto Rico and in Cuba, the Blacks await his proclamation to swear allegiance to the Empire of Haiti! Ay, all these does he believe, and believing—dreams; and in dreaming begets himself such airs, he is now seriously meditating plans to further his ambitions along the line of extending this domain.

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

It is then these newly acquired airs that have made such havoc in his household. It is said he ignores the Council of State and that his generals bear themselves coldly to his plans.

PERE L'AVENGE

It is so—much more could I tell of the manner in which this man is prompted to his destruction. That destruction must be complete—it must be utter—my plans cannot be hurried. Ah, had you such a hate—

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

Had I a hate! You know not whereof you speak when you question my fervor in this great work of retribution. My God! I have but one thought, one—Dubois! The name rings in my ear, and in my dreams I see his hated form stalking like some hideous nightmare! Ah, how patient have I been—how calm—how free from excess. Years have passed since that terrible night of my return, when just from Paula's grave I fought my way to the only friend of the dear one and in my frenzy—slew him. Grief crazed my brain, and a thousand devils nerved my arm to this unjust

deed. Have I cause, my soul, to hate the very name of Dubois and desire his destruction, should go unquestioned by you, who know all so well—Unshrived by priest and not until the doors of Hell close upon him shall I be content.

PERE L'AVENGE

Forgive me, my friend, if for a moment I forget that others, too, have their griefs—that you, my comrade, have cause to live.

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

My hand. Let us live for Memory and Revenge!—Ah, here returns the canaille. I have here an important document which you may overlook with some care.

(Alphonse and L'Avenge intent with paper. Enter Jacques and La Belle accompanied by People.)

JACQUES

Now that you have received a lesson in ichthyology, we will return to the arts. Ah, history shall place my name in conspicuity—in some uncommon manner; perhaps, perhaps,—the “Educator of the Common People.”

LA BELLE

The Chevalier has informed me that the Emperor has entrusted him with a secret mission.

JACQUES

It may appear very extraordinary—to you; but I have been so honored—It is my duty to find the meeting place of the would-be Revolutionists—to find the nest of the conspirators. To be more explicit, I am now the Special Agent of the Empire.

OMNES

Oh—more conspiracies!

JACQUES

Conspiracies always. Why, life without one or two conspiracies on hand would be like a night at Sans Souci without a broken head. Then, if you only know how, a conspiracy is so easily managed. First, catch one of the conspirators, then proceed to kill him; continue this process *speciale* until—you have destroyed the conspiracy.—How to detect a conspiracy? Ah, that's it; you see two men together; they are earnestly engaged in conversation—one individual appears engrossed in listening, the other is deeply engaged in letting his voice rise and fall rhythmically—the listener appears to hesitate—he feebly mutters something—the other lowers his voice, in a despairing manner—he proffers something hidden—the listener finally places his hand in his pocket—he has become a party to the conspiracy.

OMNES

Bravo—bravo!

LA BELLE

These conspiracies—are they not dreadful?

JACQUES

Never, to your Chevalier—only ordinary—Now we have a conspiracy to destroy this government.

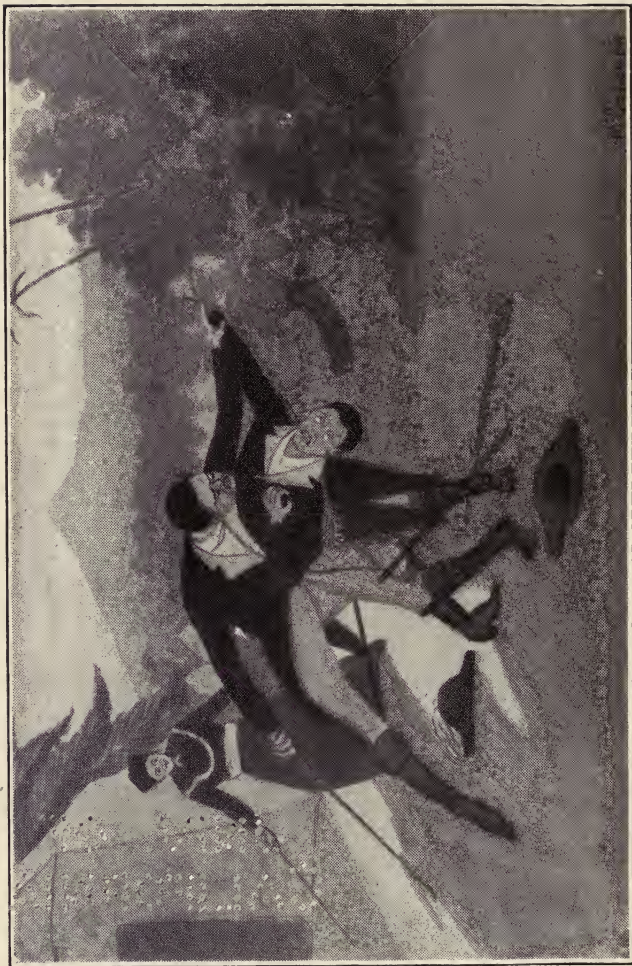
OMNES

Oh! Oh!

JACQUES

Yes, ye have two conspiracies; one in the Army

THE
NEW
CITY



END OF THE DUEL BETWEEN DE PAYS AND DUBOIS—
BOTH KILLED IN THE ENCOUNTER

and one of the Mulatres. The one in the Army—that is the trouble. The Mulatres—we expect that and we are prepared to suppress it with the other. En passant—there is nothing so convenient as having two conspiracies on hand, at the same time—Pit one against the other, and then you can watch the divertissement of the combatants counting broken heads. Piff!

FIRST CITIZEN

What a statesman our Chevalier has become—He makes a conspiracy one minute and then—destroys it. Pough!

JACQUES

You do me an injustice—I simply unmake conspiracies—Entende—two men or more, mark ye, not less, with a grievance; a mistaken notion of opportunity, and there you have a conspiracy. On the other hand, not one conspiracy in several hundred ever reaches the magnitude of a Revolution.

OMNES

Sacre bleu!—a Revolution!

LA BELLE

(Pointing to L'Avenge and Alphonse) Look! What do you think of that?

JACQUES

The gallant and the priest—the sinner and the saint. You cannot make a conspiracy there. Between the man of war and the angel of peace, and there can only be repentance on the part of one, and absolution on the part of the other. But I know that good Father well; he is the spiritual advisor to the Emperor; but

the other face I've forgotten. Forgotten? Never! I have simply misplaced it in the commodious archives of my phenomenal memory.

(From without, a woman's voice: "Oh, Jacques! you lazy, good-for-nothing!" Enter Susanne, reaches Jacques' side, roughly pushes him, pushes La Belle aside and takes Jacques by the ear, saying, "Go!"—strides after him. At the exit, Susanne faces the people defiantly; Jacques waves a kiss over her shoulder.)

JACQUES

Remember my instructions, my poor people—I go to collaborate. (Exeunt Jacques and Susanne.)

OMNES

Oh—oh!

LA BELLE

(Who has been intently scanning the Soldier) Ah, that face of the gallant—Where have I seen it before? Look, friends, can you recall it?

(People regarding Alphonse with growing suspicion.)

PERE L'AVENGE

After all, what a poor bauble is the thing I seek. Yet it is dear to me. There can be no peace, no rest, no sunshine in my life—shadows and vengeance always accompany one another. And knowing this full well, I still seek revenge—Ay, though I place my soul in the balance, the price is not too dear, if in gaining my ends, I shall fix the destiny of Christophe—He wants much; I want little—he would fatten on the proceeds of crime; to him conquest, rapine, Empire and pleasure unlimited—for him life. For me, revenge and Death may be its comrade.

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

And Sans Souci?

PERE L'AVENGE

He named it: "without care." We shall see; he shall know that there can be no place so strong to shield him from my vengeance. Architects, engineers and skilled workmen were brought from France under secret agreement to give him a fortress on an island in the bay, that would be impregnable from assault without, also give a secret passage to and from the mainland—a tunnel. All the work on this tunnel was performed by men whose reward was to be death—that the secret of its existence should live alone in his memory. Poison one night sent two hundred souls unshrived to the presence of their Maker. My God! what a price to pay and—lose.

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

You share his secret—And how came this?

PERE L'AVENGE

The cruel are always cowards. Once when he was sick—thinking that he should die, he sought of me absolution—he had confessed.

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

But the secrets of the Confessional are inviolate.

PERE L'AVENGE

But you forget, I am no priest—I am the avenger of the death of my Amede. I am the instrument of fate; the avenger of the deaths of all good Haitians. (Antoine comes to the table where Alphonse and L'Avenge are seated.)

ANTOINE

Good Father, I would have a word with you.

PERE L'AVENGE

As many as you will, and time to say them. (Aside to Alphonse, who has arisen. Antoine seats himself.) Now, Antoine, what would you say?

(Alphonse has his way barred as he reaches exit. La Belle barring his way and staring in his face.)

LA BELLE

It is he—It is he!

FIRST CITIZEN

Let him not pass—We will be avenged on him—He it was that slew Dessalines!

(People gather closer about Alphonse.)

OMNES

Kill him—Kill him!

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

(Retreating and lunging) Back—Back! Upon your lives!

FIRST CITIZEN

(Presenting pistol at the head of Alphonse) Take death, accursed Mulatre!

(Pere L'Avenge springs between Alphonse and the First Citizen, crucifix aloft.)

PERE L'AVENGE

In the name of—(lowers crucifix)—of the Emperor!
(Exit Alphonse de Pays. Angelus bell from Church. With stooped heads the People make sign of cross.)

CURTAIN.

ACT III

(CAMP OF THE REGULAR TROOPS of Haiti, at Jacmel. Mountains in the distance. Canopy in center. Sentinels apparently out of hearing. Christophe and Dubois seated at table under canopy busily studying maps.)

DUBOIS

Yes, it is at this point, the insurgents reinforced by the Mulatre from the North have met with the followers of Rigaud. From Lacroix and from Cape Francois, the disaffected ones are in secret communication with those already in arms. Oh, Christophe! I fear we must seek our dernier resort—we must retreat to Sans Souci, until such time as we hear from our emissaries to the continent.

CHRISTOPHE

Speak not of retreat; for there is still work to do. The Caribs are still faithful to our arms—and Pere L'Avenge——

DUBOIS

Ha—that name, I like it not—I cannot tell; but the shadow of it—I always see the frowning face of the interdict—I see Alphonse de Pays——

CHRISTOPHE

Vapors, good friend. Long since, that crazy mulatre has made his reckoning; long since, he has passed the way of the fool that invites danger. Let us speak of the living—these we hope to soon see dead.—My agents tell me that Petion has wasted his munitions of war; he is bankrupt in purse; the heat of summer has filled the trenches with his palefaces.—Ah, we shall

go to Sans Souci, not as retreating chieftains, but rather as conquerors, to rest on our well-won laurels. We shall rest and rejoice.

DUBOIS

Oh, Christophe! ours has indeed been a bloody way—the path to Empire has been strewn with the bodies of both friend and foe. Ugh! my memories are of the charnel house; even now, I feel, when I always believed, my heart was steeled, an over-shadowing remorse. It is not so much the death of Dessalines—that was for the good of the State,—but Amede, his death was needless—it was cruel—the angry sea and the scuttled boat. Constantly, in the small hours, I hear his cries for vengeance.—Go, see Sans Souci, and its pleasures—Have your feast of glory—I, I will never reach there.

CHRISTOPHE

Your fears are useless. Does my brave comrade in arms, who has courted death on many a battlefield, now speak of fear? Nay, shame upon it—It is not Armand Dubois that speaks—he has not the soul of a poltroon.

DUBOIS

Ay, all foes thus far have I conquered. Face to face, steel to steel, I have met them and seen them fall never to rise again; but these were not spectres—I could grip them by the throat; I could seize them by the hair of the head; upon my face I could feel the warmth of the bated breath; against my breast, I felt the pumping heart—I felt the death grip—All, all without and naught within.—Foes say I have no conscience—no inner monitor. They may be right; but well I know

that I have a hell within me.—I fear, I know not why—yet fear I must.

CHRISTOPHE

Comrade, as I love you, you of all mankind, I tell you my heart is steeped so dark in guilt, that the stormy night off Firmin pales before it.—Only last night, as I rested on my couch, studying further deeds of violence—new schemes for the engulfment of my enemies—with these eyes I saw gathered about me two hundred souls, that on a single night I hurled into eternity, that the secret of my stronghold would pass with them—You remember the fifth of May, Armand; you remember the poisoned workmen? Ah, let me be frank with you,—dearly as I esteem you, had you, you known the secret outlet of my palace, you, too, would have gone the way of the rest. The secret of Sans Souci must be mine, alone—alone—alone.—Pere L'Avenge—

DUBOIS

What again that name!—Henri, tell me that he of all men, does not share your secret.

CHRISTOPHE

Not even you. (Aside) The secrets of the Confessional are inviolate. How many priests have I tortured to learn its secrets and—failed. (Aloud) Last night, about my couch, those familiar faces gathered.—At me they looked sad; awful and threatening, and ere they vanished from my presence, their purple lips hissed: “Fiend—fiend”—and I laughed, laughed so loudly, the sentinels moved nearer to my couch, and I slept—slept as peaceful as a newborn babe.

DUBOIS

Oh, man of iron! would that I had your heart!

CHRISTOPHE

Ha! ha! and head, too!—There rests the soul of man. If 'twere not so, we were all brutes. Which one of us but at times feels the presence of the unwelcome guests—those who have gone before? Those perhaps we wittingly helped on their way, whose passing was necessary that others, more deserving, might live.—Life fattens on still other lives—the Foolahs eat the heart of the brave foe, who courageously dared death and died.—The stealthy is the leopard and tiger-cat; the warrior with the lion-heart stands at bay and roars, that danger may advance. The very fibers and juices of these frames were born and nourished by like elements—they of the finer clay—From the fields and from the waters; from the heights of the air; the unseen depths of the soil, we annihilate that we may live. Why then remorse, undying hate, for the use of those things so necessary to our being? Nay, Armand, thy soul—the very essence of thy being, is the mind supreme, over and above all else that man holds dear in this world, or in the next.—The next—a problem yet unsolved; an estate unknown; tenanted with the chimera of a disordered spleen—Out upon your dreams—figment of the meaner clay we must throw off.

DUBOIS

Thy philosophy, O! Christophe, is a part of you; in me it finds no dwelling place. Mine eyes see, mine ears hear, and the voice of memory will not die. Perhaps it is the meaner clay of which you speak—death alone can purge me.

SENTINEL

Who goes there? (Christophe and Dubois come forward. Voice from without, "Amis.") Advance and give the countersign. (Enter Generals Claudaine, LaBille and Pierre. They salute C. and D.)

CHRISTOPHE

Speak first, Claudaine. What news of Cape Francois?

CLAUDAINÉ

Majesty, the enemy were defeated at Passe de Parge; we have possession of the citadel, also the outlets to the city.

CHRISTOPHE

'Tis well. And you, LaBille, have you good message for us?

LA BILLE

The enemy have regained the munitions of war——

CHRISTOPHE

What say you?—Regained the stores?—Craven, where were you?

LA BILLE

In the thickest of the fight, and as you see, sorely wounded.

CHRISTOPHE

Sorely wounded? Not dead to atone the guilt of your recreancy?—Sorely wounded, and your charge in the hands of the enemy. By what right are you alive to tell it? (Drawing pistol.) Die, foulest of men—coward! (Dubois stays the hand of Christophe.)

. DUBOIS

This can abide—there are things that we should know.

CHRISTOPHE

Aside, coward, you are no soldier—And now, my brave Pierre, speak not in flattery; as thy wont, good tidings ever.

PIERRE

O Christophe!—stay not his hand, Dubois, for I would die, my master—our troops are scattered, and the enemy are preparing to storm Sans Souci—

CHRISTOPHE

Storm Sans Souci, ha! ha!—storm Sans Souci!—Now you would be merry, my old comrade.—Storm Sans Souci, the impregnable!—might as well storm the kingdom of heaven with a Flemish catapult, ha! ha!—ho! ho!—Stand aside, old soldier; live for the nights at Sans Souci—those merry nights you know so well—the Ballet of the Sirens, and such pipes of wine to drown your sorrows. What think you, Dubois?

DUBOIS

I have spoken.

CHRISTOPHE

True, and so have I—Is there aught more of disaster?

PIERRE

All we have, we tell your Majesty.

CHRISTOPHE

Enough!—Remain in camp; I'll find tasks that will merit your success. (Generals retire to background.)

SENTINEL

Who goes there? Ah! 'tis Pere L'Avenge.

DUBOIS

Again—the shadow of Death, the shadow that goes before.

(Enter Pere L'Avenge, who salutes Christophe, and for a moment steadily regards Dubois. The latter seemingly cowered by the presence.)

PERE L'AVENGE

Your Majesty, all goes well.

CHRISTOPHE

Always, ami cheri, you come into my life a bright shaft of sunlight—you disperse the sombre clouds my comrades in arms would make for me. Bish! it was not always thus. In the fierce fight to the death, amid deadly alarms, whistling shot, and stenching smoke, and curses of the wounded—all, all music to my ears and incense to my soul—they, too, were fiercely glad.—And at the board, where the red wine flows freely, amid boast and ribald jest, merry music and the sensuous galloping of statuesque women, they forsooth, as brave men should, were fit companions of the sated soldier.

PERE L'AVENGE

As it should be; idleness wears sadly on the warrior born to his trade. Brave men are these, that need no surcease from their arduous tasks. But I, a priest of Peace—must speak of the after life, where all is rewarded or for eternity—punished. But of other things I would speak. As thou knowest, my habit

admits me to go unmolested where all may not venture, and I have learned that Porte au Prince has been abandoned by your foes——

CHRISTOPHE

Hear, hear! Dubois!

DUBOIS

Would that I could believe.

PERE L'AVENGE

——and Rigaud refuses to act with Boyer as his lieutenant. They separated at Germain; Rigaud is to return to France.

DUBOIS

(Aside to Christophe) Believe not a word he says—he lies most infernally.

CHRISTOPHE

What!

DUBOIS

Who usually is so wise; why be deceived by the improbable?

CHRISTOPHE

You envy what I would hear. Bish! I believe all. We for the battle field—he for the Council Chamber. Good Father, pray tell me is it your judgment we go to Sans Souci, or that we remain in camp?

PERE L'AVENGE

To Sans Souci by all means, and at once. Tempt fortune not too often. Rest betimes, that your sorely

fatigued soldiers may rest, after the rough usage of the field. Who knows what the dawning day brings forth—who knows!

CHRISTOPHE

Well said good sir. Dubois give the order for the break of camp. Ah, comrade, such nights as confront us! Brave comrades, we push forward this very night, for the path to Sans Souci is clear of the enemy.

DUBOIS

With your permission, I will remain in Camp, but for a few hours. I hope your Majesty will accord me this boon?

CHRISTOPHE

We would be better satisfied that you accompany us: but delay not long, for we will uneasily await you. Au revoir! (As Christophe moves off, Dubois first hesitates, and then joins him.)

DUBOIS

Christophe, my King, my friend, let us embrace—the last time, perhaps, the last time on earth. Something tells me this is our last meeting—nay you will survive me, how long I know not; but I feel it is so. (They embrace.)

CHRISTOPHE

Fear not comrade, it is these humors that again afflict you. It is not Armand that speaks. Hasten your affairs here, I advise, and soon meet with us, where noisome vapors fade before the ever-rising sun. Remember we await you—The trumpet—the trumpet! Dubois; the signal of our immediate departure—Umph,—there is worse than fever in this spot.

DUBOIS

'Tis well your Majesty—Sentinel, have the trumpeter sound orders for the re—the advance on Sans Souci. (Trumpets. Christophe, L'Avenge and officers leave.)

DUBOIS

O! comrades of my many battles, fare you well; my race is nigh spent—my oil is burned—Shades of those that I have sent before, my fate must be as yours—it is meet, it is just. By the sword have I lived, by the sword must I die; and die I will, as be-hooves a soldier: sword in hand, face to face with the foe—asking for no quarter, and giving none. Why not go before? Christophe will follow quickly—ay, more quickly than he wots. Indeed, as Christophe has said: the mind is the soul of man—when the mind is dead, there is no soul in the moving, throbbing body—it must be so, for conscience and memory are one, and as the poet has said: “Conscience makes cowards of us all.” Mine has been one self-accusing memory of deeds of ruthless violence. (Enter Pere L'Avenge; sword at side.)

What, you here? you false priest—you the betrayer—the dealer in the fears of men—the liar!

PERE L'AVENGE

Exhaust your spleen. Were it possible to coin new names, to paint your murderous guilt, your crimson dyed soul would blanch with more deadly fear. Murderer of my Amede—

DUBOIS

Amede! who are you? Long since have I had cause to fear you—to feel that you were a fearful menace

to the State. What I know of you, is little, I must confess, but what I would know of you is much. Your stealth, the serpent's craft of creeping unawares into the innermost thoughts of men, makes dread of you ever uppermost in my mind. Speak foul thing—for you are of foul intention—what wish you of me, now that you have returned girded with the sword that so ill becomes your slight form and priestly garb—Speak, and that quickly, as your time to practice your nefarious trade is nearly passed!—Speak quickly—Speak at once!—What wish you with me?

PERE L'AVENGE

I would prepare you for your death—your death, poltroon—accursed betrayer of men—debaucher of women—I would confess you—Ha! ha!

DUBOIS

Again, I ask: who are you?

PERE L'AVENGE

Know then that I am no priest.

DUBOIS

Ah, as I thought a spy of Boyer—

PERE L'AVENGE

The avenger of a most grievous wrong—the betrayal and murder of Amede.

DUBOIS

Again, I ask: who are you?

PERE L'AVENGE

I am one, who once was known to the world as: Valerie—the betrothed of Amede, thy victim.

DUBOIS

Unsexed woman—Great God, the confidante of Christophe—Infamy of crime—You, then, know the secret of Sans Souci?

PERE L'AVENGE

I knew all—Boyer knows all—when the proper time comes.

DUBOIS

(Drawing his sword.) The time is passed then; it shall never come to you!

PERE L'AVENGE

(On guard with drawn sword.) Make your final settlement—the God of Justice fortifies this weak arm—vengeance is in this slight frame of which you would sneer. Death, grim death, awaits you on this sharp point, of which you would scorn, and—hell yawns for your guilty soul. Come to the charge—God is just! (Dubois crosses swords with L'Avenge. Alphonse de Pays enters swiftly; he gently puts aside L'Avenge, and catches the sword of Dubois on his own.)

DUBOIS

What, what specter is this? Alphonse de Pays!—Whence come ye, brigand?

ALPHONSE DE PAYS

From the grave of Paula—from commune with the manes of Dessalines—from the jaws of hell, that are hungry for you.

DUBOIS

Boaster! I would take you with me! (Their swords clash in deadly combat. Sound of conflict in distance; wild huzzas; tramp of numerous feet—feet of battle.)

DUBOIS

Ah, false priest,—listen—it is your work; would that you were before me—Mark not the delay; it is your time next! (Dubois fiercely lunges; de Pays' point pierces his breast; Dubois falls, as de Pays attempts to pin the half-reclining man; Dubois raises, and thrusts de Pays, the latter falls dead. Words of the conclusion of the Marseillaise sang in chorus, as from a distance. Shouts: "Boyer! Boyer!" L'Avenge kneeling beside the body of de Pays. Dubois in death throes.)

DUBOIS

Christophe! Christophe! welcome death, horror, 'tis the face of Dessalines—I come, I come—but, my enemy follows—

PERE L'AVENGE

(Arising.) Christophe follows you. (Signal guns at sea: one shot.)

PERE L'AVENGE

(Points to body of Dubois.) It is he. (Signal guns: two shots.)

PERE L'AVENGE

(As if departing.) It is for Christophe! (Signal guns: three shots. Pere L'Avenge stands aghast.)

PERE L'AVENGE

"Vengeance, vengeance is mine," not thine. (Shot.)
For me!

CURTAIN

ACT IV

(THE BANQUETING HALL OF SANS SOUCI. Everything arranged for a magnificent feast. A dais for the Emperor, and places for his immediate escort. Space before the throne for the Ballet of the Sirens. At the opening of this scene, servants and guards are preparing what they believe will be a great ovation for the returning victors.)

JACQUES

Call me no more the Chevalier; I am all in—in the tureen. Those of us who are not dead—will be common, very ordinary citizens. Pish! Je suis fatigue!

SUSANNE

Jacques, remember the grande couchon—O! how many to feed; the hungry swine!—Pigs eat pigs—be quick!

JACQUES

C'est bien, ma cheri—my beautiful—Is it not so my Susanne?—Is it not so my queen—

SUSANNE

Shut up impertinent;—shut up!

JACQUES

'Tis so—Can I speak a word?

SUSANNE

One word, only.

JACQUES

Well—

SUSANNE

You have said it.

JACQUES

With your permission—

SUSANNE

To work—I will say all there is to say.

JACQUES

It is the prerogative of the sex—I will—

SUSANNE

Shut up!

JACQUES

It is well—No it is best. Ah, just to think—

SUSANNE

Think, think and work—You know the program; one hundred to feed tonight; and that abominable ballet—Ah, you have not got your mother now—You have me—me alone.

JACQUES

What a blessing! But, alone.

SUSANNE

Say it again.

JACQUES

I dare not.

SUSANNE

Coward!

JACQUES

No, No, only your husband. (Enter La Belle, premiere danseuse, accompanied by coryphees and Cavaliers. Servants still busily engaged arranging food on tables. Sound of signal guns from Mainland. Enter Officers and Guard in disorder.)

FIRST OFFICER

The boats are landing—The signals mean pursuit! (At once disorder; all make for the exits, except Jacques and Susanne.)

SUSANNE

Now Jacques, aside with all your airs, and do as I have directed. I see that you have already greedy eyes for those thinly clad coryphees—Bish! what taste you men have.

JACQUES

Nay, not taste—It is an eye for the artistic—the beautiful—Such form—such convolutions—Ah,—my poor Susanne—my own wife.

SUSANNE

Bish!—you stay here— I go to the cuisine, and you—you look after the table.

JACQUES

You go—how I adore you—you are so considerate—you go. (Exit Susanne; enter La Belle cloaked.)

LA BELLE

You old fool—I really love you—Oh, yes it is true.

JACQUES

La Belle—La Belle, ma cheri!—Yes, you love me. And—why?

LA BELLE

You know where are the Money Chests—the jewels—O! how I love the sparkling jewels—to adorn my person—to make my dear Jacques admire—to love me so much more—to make him proud and happy; to dream of me; to—

JACQUES

To cost him more.

LA BELLE

I pout!

JACQUES

Now ma coquette, you are adorable—but let me tell you I attended the Seminaire de Trois Rivières. I—I, your Jacques learned the classics—Latin, Greek and English—I astonish you—this was before I had an ambition—this was before you, my adorable, had the good fortune to know me. But now, I am such a child—an enfant terrible—a fish, a fish out of its element. Landed by you, most fortunate of women. Perhaps—perhaps, I am amphibious.

LA BELLE

Tell me—tell me!

JACQUES

I learned that leaders of men were born, not made.

LA BELLE

You were then born?

JACQUES

Does it astonish you?

LA BELLE

It is so hard to believe—Can it be possible?

JACQUES

All things are possible—if you only know how. Now listen—it is so difficult for the sex—Perish books—it is the publisher. Writing books is an insult to the budding intelligence—a fruit that never matures. Language is the jingle of coin. Shakespeare was but a poor horsethief—a tavern hanger-on—Ben Johnson, a pot-house soak—Julius Caesar had he not written his commentaries, or meditated being his own press agent, would never have crossed the Rubicon—he would have died first, and that too, without the assistance of his beloved Brute—Socrates was a suicide—Bish! he was a fool—Are you listening?

LA BELLE

I am listening; so entertaining, so instructive, so—ridiculous. Indeed, I am listening.

JACQUES

Wonderful, she is listening—and a woman at that. We do not need architects; we do not need brain; but we must have wine and women,—and Money. Get the latter, and in time the rest will come, slowly probably, but surely, generally. Did you ever see a genius without some glaring fault, that would not make the rabble laugh, and point to that fault as a positive evidence that bloated ignorance discounts such a trifling thing as an education? He is bright—he fairly scintillates—and the air—the attar of roses? Nay, La

Belle, the odoriferous pungency of the barbarous garlic,—an atmosphere that regales the nostrils of the common herd, at once compellent, repellent and—excellent. I know, *ma cheri*. When he dies—Bish! let him rot in his grave, and his m—

LA BELLE

His money goes to his heirs.

JACQUES

Money, say you *La Belle*? When the muses have called him to the lyre and laurel, all he leaves to posterity is his memory and his—breath. And if by some mischance of fortune, he leaves money his ungrateful admirers will raise a huge shaft of granite, or of some or other very heavy substance over his still form, so that he may not return, and call it something like this: “The Chevalier Memorial,” and he, poor blight will turn over in his grave, so happy, so contented that he died. Now *La Belle* you can speak.

LA BELLE

Where is kept the treasure chest—Should the enemy overcome Christophe, we will be so rich—so rich. (Stamping her foot.) Tell me—quick!

JACQUES

Ah, *ma petite*, you shall know—it is in the tunnel.

LA BELLE

O! Jacques, I returned to tell you it will break my heart—the heart that beats for you alone—should you neglect to escort me to the Treasury Chamber, when the conflict is over.

JACQUES

O! La Belle, why did you return?—I love you so, but I respect Susanne—one as necessary for my peace of mind as the other, with only this difference: I love to love, I respect because I—must. Susanne has power—she has jaws with hinges—she is my wife—she can make me tired—ennuyant. We have four little ones—she promises them that they can have their own sweet ways; if they report morning and night the doings of their strenuous papa—They look upon their papa as an unnecessary implement of torture—he selfishly interferes with their infantine sports of making mud-pies of household quiet—the beast. Then she has brothers, they are muscular—they are built like draft horses—they can do real hard work, it would be easy work to beat the unnecessary brother-in-law into complete subjection. And he has such a tender conscience—it would trouble him so much to be chastised by them—he might lose his serene temper—and—permanently remove them. Ah, Susanne is a martyr and has her way—everybody pities her, so easy to them, so exacting with me—tender, tough—warm and cold—under the heat of sympathy, like an icicle she fairly melts—she weeps. Her daughters fairly dote on her—she is so easy with her girls and their beaux; she is so determined when she says: “Jacques, shut-up, shut-up.” Through her daughters she is getting young again—she is getting fat, and—I love you.

LA BELLE

O! mon Chevalier, I so much adore you—you are my life—you are my—

JACQUES

—Treasury Chest.—Bish! when its contents are gone—you like the rest of your sex—gone.

LA BELLE

And why not?

JACQUES

Good; you are not my wife; I know what to expect—I get it.—Susanne, my wife keeps me guessing—I am anchored—I have nailed my flag to the mast, four spikes, though a weak mast. She is the keeper of my honor; the guardian angel of my home—I am her protege—she is my incubus.

LA BELLE

Tonight, my dear Jacques, I will dance as never before. And you will—adore me. (Noise without of approaching people.)

JACQUES

Go—Go! they come.—I mean Susanne returns—Au revoir! (Enter Christophe, Pierre, Officers and People. La Belle throwing kiss to Jacques withdraws.)

CHRISTOPHE

Treachery somewhere, I tell you—How they did beset us; but we worsted them—Poor Labille and Claudaine—the fortunes of war. Ere this, my friend Dubois has settled his final accounts—His ominous prophesies have been fulfilled—as far as concerns himself.—Say you not so Pierre.

PIERRE

It is my belief, your Majesty. The enemy found him, when they took possession of the deserted camp.

CHRISTOPHE

And Pere L'Avenge, what became of him?—Me-

thinks his escapes are miraculous—I looked for him at the boat-landing, when consorted to Sans Souci.

PIERRE

He may be on the Island, in this very Palace, at this very moment. His ways are indeed—to say the least mysterious.

CHRISTOPHE

Yes—sometimes, I think—I know not what.—Dubois so mistrusted him.

PIERRE

And L'Avenge—he fairly hated Dubois.

CHRISTOPHE

Not so—He mistrusted Dubois, he told me all. All my life is has been thus with me; a constant care to reconcile my friends one with the other—all loyal to me, but one jealous of the other—It is the penalty that great power brings, having so many friends to reward—so many enemies to punish—Irreconcilable differences in the ranks of those, who in all things should be united for the common good.—But enough of this—Music and the feast! (Christophe ascends throne. Jacques presents him with bumper of wine. Glasses filled for others.)

CHRISTOPHE

Here—to the discomfiture of mine enemy, and the pleasure of the hour!

OMNES

Vive la Patrie—Vive!

(The Ballet)

(At the height of the revelry, the clash of arms and shots are heard—Confusion reigns—the dancers stand aghast.—Enter Officers and guard.)

CHRISTOPHE

What means this revolt in my Household?

FIRST OFFICER

'Tis worse, your Majesty,—the enemy have entered the outer Court.

CHRISTOPHE

Entered the outer Court—Nay, impossible.—Surely not by the boat-landing?

SECOND OFFICER

No, your Majesty, they entered by the Tunnel.

CHRISTOPHE

(Arising in great excitement.) What!—I have been betrayed—But, by whom?

PIERRE

It must follow, by one who knew the secret ingress.

CHRISTOPHE

Ah,—it must have been Dubois; he learned the secret in my speaking dreams—I betrayed myself—He remained behind in the deserted Camp.—Was it to trade with my enemy? He last embraced me—Christ, too, was so embraced by his servant—The traitor's kiss is bidding a last farewell, to departed manhood.

THE
OF
CALIFORNIA



CHRISTOPHE—"YOU, YOU WERE FALSE"

PIERRE

Nay, not Dubois,—in his heart he loved you. (Increased sound of desperate conflict. All leave Hall, in confusion, save Christophe and Pierre.)

CHRISTOPHE

I had been warned; he loved me for himself—He predicted, only this day, my downfall—he laid the train—he knew that I was going to my death,—Ah, the traitor—he dared not witness my death—Bish! it was ever thus with traitors, those upon whom you have loaded honors.

PIERRE

Why speak of your death?—The conflict endures—Our guards are valiantly fighting each advance—Listen to the huzzas: “patrie, patrie!”—it is the cry of your soldiers—We shall take a boat and in the confusion, fly.

CHRISTOPHE

And where!—Fly from the glories of my wars and conquests—fly from myself—Nay, I will die as befits me; not by the hands of assassins—not a captive to the victor’s chariot wheels—I will not die derided, despoiled, execrated and spat upon by those who would gloat in mine misery—Let them win; they will not find Christophe a suppliant for fortune’s smiles—My empire has passed—It is Christophe they want alive—Ah, they will find me even proud in death—a death I, myself decreed—Pierre, you are my friend!

PIERRE

Unto death, your Majesty.

CHRISTOPHE

Call me not Majesty—comrade in arms, call me Henri—call me brother—I have a service to ask of you.

PIERRE

Ask, and it is yours—ask my life, and I shall feel honored beyond my deserts, in giving it.

CHRISTOPHE

I know—I know—It is a life; but not thine, good friend.

PIERRE

Name whose life, and I will sell mine in purchasing it.

CHRISTOPHE

Good—hear—hear the enemy appear to gain—Take my sword, it is unsheathed—I kiss its blade—it is keen—Here is my heart—thrust quick—quick—do not falter—Let thy eyes be blind to all else save thy aim—What do you hesitate—Thrust I say—You I call Brother—Would you see me fall into the hands of mine enemy—scoffed, jeered and spat upon—Would you see me derided in my captivity—Would my BROTHER see Christophe the butt of laughter for his enemy?

PIERRE

Thou hast quite overcome me—Turn thy face—thy agony will overthrow my purpose—Only blindly can I thrust that dear heart of thine—Turn thy face—I cannot bear thy woe—I love thee too much—Henri bow thy head.

CHRISTOPHE

Be brave, Pierre, I never bowed my head to any man—I cannot even do this now—I ever faced death; so let me die—Thrust—thrust—I smile upon you—I welcome the thrust from your dear hand—Strike—strike, I say—I, Christophe—YOUR EMPEROR Command you—STRIKE!

(Pierre drops sword rushes for exit, crying: “Not my hand—not by my hand.” Sound of the fall of the barricades. Enter Pere L’Avenge. Christophe has recovered sword.)

CHRISTOPHE

Ah—good Father, take this sword, and thrust it here,—here with my last earthly thanks.

PERE L’AVENGE

Let it be by thy own hand—Thy closed life will have been better ended—By thy own hand, and thy valiant deeds will have rounded out as befit them.

CHRISTOPHE

So say you?

PERE L’AVENGE

I have said it.

CHRISTOPHE

(Casting sword aside, and grasping poniard in both hands) Yes, yes; it is better so. (Plunges poniard into his own breast, with hands still grasping handle of poniard, Christophe staggers toward L’Avenge.)

PERE L’AVENGE

My work is done. Miscreant, vilest of men, you

have my benediction—ha! ha! ha!—that it will take your foul soul to hell. I am no priest; I am the avenger of Amede. Learn in your death agony that I—I—Valerie betrayed you. I—ha! ha!—I told Boyer the secret of the tunnel. I——

CHRISTOPHE

YOU—YOU did this! Dubois was right. YOU—you—were false—Forever—and forever: “Dieu et *Mon Epee*.” (Christophe staggering toward L’Avenge, with a supreme effort, draws poniard from his own breast and thrusts L’Avenge. Both fall dead simultaneously. Enter invaders crying, “Boyer, Boyer!”)

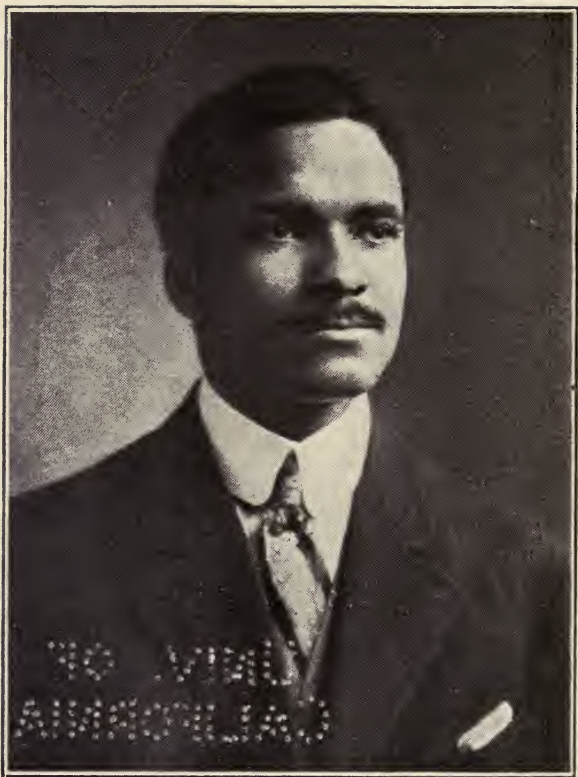
(In luminous characters high above appear, “Vengeance is mine; I will repay.”)

OMNES

Vive la Republique d’Haiti! Vive!

Finis.

THE
CITY OF
NEW YORK



JAS. B. CLARKE, WRITER, ORATOR AND MAN OF
CLASS HONORS

Translation

[By Jas. B. Clarke, Cornell University Class '12.]
Legation of the Republic of Haiti,
New York, May 31, 1893.

Mr. William Easton,

Dear Sir: I have had the privilege of receiving from my friend, Mr. Ruffin, the drama entitled, "Dessalines." I am indeed pleased to know that there are in America men who are working to make known the heroes of Haiti—slaves but yesterday, the morrow executing the most difficult project of taking their brothers out of slavery. Dessalines, at whose memory every Haitian removes his hat, will be better known in America, thanks to your work.

Permit me, dear Sir, to thank you for it in my name and in fact of my countrymen.

Accept, Sir, the assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

(Signed) C. NICOLAS.

A JOB FOR UNCLE SAM

Twenty or thirty years ago Sir Spenser St. John announced to the world that the prophecy of the believers in the incapacity of the Negro had been fulfilled, and that after nearly a century of freedom and self-government the blacks and mulattos of Haiti had brought what was once the Pearl of the Antilles, the flower of West Indian civilization, to the condition of a "country of barbarians." This conclusion was the result of close observation and contact with Haitians

of all classes during the many years that the author of "Hayti, or the Black Republic," represented the British Government at Part-au-Prince.

Sir Spenser St. John had no reason to calumniate the Haitians. Throughout his book there is undeniably a note of sincerity, but the reader should not fall into the error of generalizing from the isolated cases which he cites. I know of no authoritative denial even of the gravest charges which he makes against Haiti, and I do not doubt that, as he says, the best people of the country confessed that he had written "the bitter truth, but the truth."

Spenser St. John hoped that the Haitians would take advantage of his merciless expose of their weaknesses and stop their petty bickerings in order to work together to better the condition of their country. Since the appearance of his and other books of the same type, the citizens of the Black Republic have celebrated with great rejoicing the centenary of their independence. In reviewing their history, they found that they had much to be proud of and as much to be ashamed of. But they resolved to profit by the mistakes of the past. All parties and factions, all shades of color, all degrees of intelligence were animated by the supreme desire to work shoulder to shoulder for the uplift of Haiti. Yet from 1904 to the present time the history of Haiti has been a series of exiles and political murders, of incendiarism and pillage and riot and mob rule under the dignified title of "revolution." Is it any wonder that an American editor who has recently travelled throughout the length and breadth of the republic has got the impression that "civilization is practically extinct among a population of two millions of Negroes."

"There is no sadder sight than a Haitian town,"

this writer continues, "such as Port-au-Prince, Aux Cayes, or Jacmel—clusters of huts amid ruins of palaces, nauseating in lazy degradation, sore with filth. But it is only in these four or five coast towns that there is any knowledge at all of the world, any pretense of order. Everywhere else are the jungle, the half-naked Negro and his women, the opulent land filled with a race of beings little better than beasts, with foot-paths for its only highways, with basilisks basking on the displaced stones of its once great public works, and the tropical silence broken rarely, except by the sound of tom-toms summoning to superstitious rites." * * *

This picture of Haiti is no doubt as true to life as that of St. John, but it is not the only picture that the foreigner makes. Many travelers in Haiti get a far more pleasant and hopeful view even of the interior districts. It all depends on the way of looking at things. Booker T. Washington has said that results, especially in the case of the Negro, should be judged, not by their intrinsic value, but by the obstacles surmounted in attaining them. Sir Spenser St. John and the editor of the *World's Work* have compared Haiti as it is with England and America as they are. They should have matched Pitt or Washington and the people whom they led with Dessalines and his followers. The writer of the editorial above quoted assures me that although his picture of Haiti is as dark as the inhabitants of the country, he has no personal dislike for the Haitian people, and counts among his friends such men as General F. "But," he continues, "whatever may be said in defense of the Haitian people, it cannot be denied that the Negro in Hispaniola has not made a shining example of self-government."



TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE, THE EMANCIPATOR

[From rare old prints.]

If the Negro in Hispaniola had reached the same degree of civilization as the Caucasian in America when he freed himself from European rule, he could not have developed a government like that of the United States, and this is by no means "a shining example of self-government." From the very beginning, Hispaniola has been a land of disorder and chaos. The first European settlers in Haiti were pirates and bucca-

neers, men who obeyed no law and recognized no authority but that of the cannon ball and the broadsword. In the eighteenth century, during which the French colonized the country permanently and developed its agricultural resources, the spirit of militarism was at its height. Every man was a duelist; every man was a soldier, for the country stood in constant dread of invasion and needed defenders. Then came the American War of Independence and the French Revolution, which further strengthened the spirit of unrest.

Such is the example that the white people set to the thirty thousand blacks whom they imported annually from Africa. These slaves, for the most part untutored savages, with the aid of a few black and mulatto freedmen overthrew the slave-holding government and founded the Haitian nation of free men. From that time—1804—to this Haiti has received no word of advice or encouragement, no tender of aid, from nations better schooled in the ways of government. Transported to a climate identical with their own, the African blacks have maintained in the Haitian forests the customs of their brothers in the jungles of the dark continent. Missionaries and teachers are sent to Africa. How many have gone to Haiti? Yet the world is shocked to hear of Obeah and Voodoo among the lower classes in Haiti. Hesketh Pritchard, a recent English writer, laughs at the Haitians because of the failure of their electric light plant. Nearly all Haitian homes are lighted with kerosene, yet Haiti enjoys no Rockefeller Education Fund. Haitian rebels and government troops have worn out much shell, but Haiti does not possess what exists in the smallest British West India island—a Carnegie Library!



GEN. JEAN JACQUES DESSALINES

[From rare old prints.]

No race or nation has ever attained any great degree of civilization without coming in contact with other peoples. England, not Thibet, is the most powerful country in the world. Expansion and intercourse, not isolation, is the way to progress. Haiti cannot conquer the world. The world must conquer Haiti, not with fire and sword, but with the book and the plow. Few Haitians can go to foreign countries; many foreigners can and ought to go to Haiti. The greatest impulse to the advancement of the Negro in America is his competition with the white man. The presence of a stranger, better equipped race is an incentive to progress and an example of a goal to be attained even

by imitation if not by originality. But the American Negro is yet more positively, tangibly indebted to the white man. The leading Negro schools in the south and other parts of the country are supported not so much by the Negro's own efforts or by state grants as by the gifts of philanthropists at the North. Whatever has been done to uplift the Haitians is the work of the Haitians themselves. Their best compares very favorably with what the American Negro has done with the aid of the white man. Their worst is no worse than the worst in the American Negro—for it is not to be supposed that the plantation laborer in Mississippi is any less superstitious than the Haitian peasant. But the Yazoo Negro is advancing. The Haitian black should not remain stationary.

M. Antenor Firmin, one of the most enlightened Haitians, declares that his country "can never attain its destiny without the sincere co-operation of the mulatto and the black man." I would add, "and the white." The white man was self-excluded from Haiti. All the Negroes of S'Domingue wanted freedom, some wanted political recognition, and a few wanted independence. None wanted to exclude the white man. The great Toussaint's object was to make Haiti a country where "all men are born, live, and die free and French ;

"Every man, whatever be his color, is admissible to any employment ;

"There exists no distinction but that of virtue and ability, nor superiority other than that which the law gives in the discharge of a public duty."



GEN. HENRI CHRISTOPHE

[From rare old prints.]

By their treatment of their best friend among the blacks, the French showed that this arrangement was unsatisfactory to themselves. Under Dessalines, white men, irrespective of their nationality, could not acquire real estate in the country. But this applied only to slave-holding nations, for an exception was made in the case of "Germans and Poles naturalized by the government. At the present time the only people prohibited from residing in Haiti are the Syrian peddlers, who, profiting by the repeal of the law of Dessalines, were so usurious in their business relations with the common people that the government expelled them and forbade their further immigration.

Now that Haiti no longer fears the power of slavery, she freely opens her ports to foreign trade and immigration. She invites the capital to develop her resources, she welcomes the merchants, the farmers. But they must do business on the profit-sharing plan. They must be willing to give an honest return for what they receive. The teacher should accompany the planter and the engineer. The laborer should grow rich—intellectually, morally, economically rich—as well as the



GEN. JEAN PETION
[From rare old prints.]

concessionnaire. The new Haiti should be for the new Haitian, white or brown or black.

But no permanent progress can be made towards the ideal of Toussaint so long as the Haitians continue this practice of self-destruction which, they think, is necessary to the preservation of their liberty. It is the duty of civilization to put an end to internecine strife in the black republic. No nation is better qualified to make a move in this direction than the United States. It is idle to talk of annexation. The best of the Haitians are certainly no better than the best of the Filipinos, and some Haitians are but little superior to the Igorrotes. But even if the American imperialists were willing to increase the duties of the Bureau of Insular Affairs, the Secretary of War would probably find that Haitian generals had not worn their gold braid for nothing. The cost of a protracted guerilla warfare in the "country of mountains" could be saved to the United States and Haitian fields would have the service of arms which should even now exchange the rifle for the plow, if a court such as the Supreme Court of Central America were established in Hispaniola.

This court should settle all disputes between Haiti and the Dominican Republic and, what is far more important, should have jurisdiction over all revolutionary disturbances within the republics. The court should consist of one or two representatives of each republic, the Minister of the United States, and the Minister of one European country chosen by each of the contending parties. Haitian revolutionaries often have real causes of complaint, and the decisions of this court should be firmly upheld by the United States and the other powers.

This international protectorate would enable the Haitians to make a better use of their independence than

they have as yet. It would insure them the peace which is absolutely essential to their prosperity. The United States has secured the co-operation of the whole world in the effort to prevent Castro from returning to his native land to disturb the peaceful progress of Venezuela. It is for the United States to take the initiative in securing peace for Haiti.

JAMES B. CLARKE.

JAMES B. CLARKE, CLASS '12 CORNELL UNIVERSITY

James B. Clarke is the young student of Cornell University, who quite recently came into deserved fame, because of his championship of the cause of the colored co-eds who had been refused entertainment in Sage Hall, a dormitory set aside and endowed for all co-eds, irrespective of race, color or class standing. Mr. Clarke was born at Saint Vincent, B. W. I., in 1888, and received his preparatory training at the Grammar School in that island. In 1908 he entered the College of Arts and Sciences at Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.

In the last annual competition of the National Society of French Professors in America, Clarke led fifty-seven students of French by obtaining the first prize for translation, first prize for French writing and the first honor prize, the medal of the society, for general excellence.

Clarke is a member of the societies "Les Cabotins" and "L' Alliance Francaise," and he has spoken before the latter on the French West Indies and on Haiti. He is a close student of modern languages, speaking fluently and teaching Spanish, French and Italian. During a vacation he spent at Geneva, N. Y., he had several New York "schoolmarms" his students in the latter language.

In fact, Clarke divides his interest between the study

of modern languages and problems of racial and international relations. His articles, which attracted worldwide attention, on "Race Prejudice at Cornell," which appeared in the Cornell Era, and a letter addressed to the President and Board of Trustees appealing to them not to establish racial discrimination at Cornell by excluding colored girls from the women's dormitory brought forth President Schurmans' exceedingly strong declaration that at Cornell all University doors must remain open to all students irrespective of race or color, or creed or social standing or pecuniary condition."

Clarke is associate editor of The Cosmopolitan Student, the organ of the Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs of America, and is an esteemed member of the American Academy of Political and Social science. Time—he actually finds time to assist in securing a building fund for The Harriet Tubman Home, not only to provide a suitable home for the centenarian, whose illustrious name the home bears, but to shelter other deserving aged members of the colored race.

Clarke comes from a good stock, his father, two uncles and still another relative are Anglican ministers, one of them an Oxonian. Clarke, it is said, at one time seriously meditated taking Orders in a Roman Catholic seminary, at this time, it is also said it was his ambition to become a student of the Propaganda at Rome. His "second-thought" is considered by those who know him best, is a source of satisfaction to his race, that there was not lost to secular life one whose extraordinary mental gifts should make him the strongest individual educational force the race possesses in America today.

Clarke will go forward, and in his strides toward his goal, will draw thinking men after him. Well may the question be asked, is the Hugo born who will so

plead the cause of down-trodden humanity, that the World will be stirred to Justice and Compassion.

WM. EDGAR EASTON.

CHRONOLOGY OF HAYTI

Island of Santo Domingo, or New Hispaniola, discovered by Christopher Columbus, and settled by Spanish, 1492 A. D.

Jan. 1st, 1804, Proclamation at Gonaives, by Dessalines, the Proclamation terminated with the words: "forever to renounce France, and die rather than live under her domination."

Dessalines murdered in 1805.

Christophe proclaimed King in 1811.

Petion died in 1818.

Boyer President in 1818.

Christophe suicide in 1819.

Boyer indemnity to France £3,600,000, 1825.

Boyer indemnity to France reduced to £2,400,000, 1835.

Boyer indemnity to France, per year £80,000.

England acknowledges Independence in 1825.

Mulatto Insurrection under Herard-Riviere, 1843.

Boyer abdicated after 25 years, 1843, in March.

Popular army entered Port-au-Prince, General Dalzon, decided to put to Death all Mulattos.

1843, the separating of the East end of Island.

Constitutional Assembly December, 1843. Herard-Riviere declared President of Haiti.

Dominicans Independence declared Feb., 1844.

Herard deposed in four months' time.

Guerrero deposed in one month's time.

Massacre of Mulattoes, Spring of 1849, in South Haiti, under President Soulouque.

Soulouque, Emperor, August 9th, 1849.

He created four Princes, 59 Dukes, innumerable Marquises, Counts and Barons.

185— England, France and U. S., offer diplomatic courses. Crowned Soulouque Emperor, 1852, as Faustian I.

Soulouque defeated by the Dominicans in Jan., 1859.
Soulouque abdicated January 15th, 1859.

Geffard, President.

1861, Dominica proclaimed Spanish colony.

Dominica declared Republic in 1861.

General Geffard administration, January 15th, 1859.

The following Presidents are in the order: Salnave, Nissage Saget, Domingue, Bois Canal, Salomon, Legitime, Hippolyte, Sam, Alexis Nord, Sam—and at this date LaConte. The Congress of Haiti appropriated \$100,000 for the Exhibit of the country's resources at the World's Fair of Chicago, Ill., 1893.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

(From the Oration of Wendell Phillips.)

“Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has been pronounced one of the greatest statesmen and generals of the Nineteenth Century, saved his master and family by hurrying them on board a vessel at the insurrection of the negroes of Hayti. He then joined the negro army, and soon found himself at their head. Napoleon sent a fleet with French veterans, with orders to bring him to France at all hazards. But all the skill of the French soldiers could not subdue the negro army, and they finally made a treaty, placing Toussaint L'Ouverture governor of the island. The negroes no sooner disbanded their army than a squad of soldiers seized Toussaint by night, and taking him on board a vessel, hurried him to France. There he was placed in a dungeon and finally starved to death.

“If I were to tell you the story of Napoleon I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the Nineteenth Century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington I should take it from your hearts—you who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his Country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him because he was a negro and a slave; hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

“Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon

at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen—the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed and, as you say, despicable mass he forged a thunderbolt and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier.

“Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver locks of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreath a laurel rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinction, and trust a state to the blood of its sons—anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty

years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams, before any Englishman or American had won the right; and yet this is the record which the history of rival states makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

"Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti and stand on those 50,000 graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword. I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

"You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint L'Ouverture."



Harriet Tubman, as She Appears Today, Over 100 Years Old

AN HOUR WITH HARRIET TUBMAN

Harriet Tubman, the Moses of the Negro bondsmen of the South, counsellor and associate of John Brown, scout and spy and nurse in the Union Army, is quietly rounding out a long and useful life in the Home for aged colored people which she founded and which bears her name.

Like most Americans who have had to choose their own surnames, Harriet must also fix the date of her birth. But this was so long ago that she cannot, like Booker T. Washington and others who were born in slavery, dispense with day and month and claim one of two years. If she did, it would probably be 1811 or 1812, for before the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law, she had already become an experienced and intrepid conductor of the Underground Railroad.

"I remember," she said, "once after I had brought some colored people from the South, I went up to Peterboro to the Big House. Gerrit Smith's son, Greene, was going hunting with his tutor and some other boys. I had no shoes. It was a Saturday afternoon and — would you believe it? — those boys went right off to the village and got me a pair of shoes so I could go with them."

In those days Harriet was equally skilled with the gun or the hoe, in the laundry or the kitchen. Until recently she possessed enough of her "old-time energy to keep house and entertain her friends—the old and sick and homeless—in the little cottage by the road, just outside of Auburn, N. Y., which she purchased from Secretary Seward. Her failing strength has

obliged her to share with four or five old women the modest home that she had established on the adjoining land. But, in spite of her advanced age, she is not ready to be *oslerized*. On the day of my visit she had without assistance gone down stairs to breakfast, and I saw her eat a dinner that would tax the stomach of a gourmand. A friend had sent her a spring chicken and had the pleasure of seeing it placed before her with rice and pie and cheese and other good things. "Never mind me," Aunt Harriet replied to the friend's remark that the conversation was interfering with the dinner, "I'll eat all you give me, but I want you to have some of this chicken first." And when the lady protested that she was not hungry, but would taste the rice, Aunt Harriet extended her hospitable invitation to another visitor to share her favorite viand. She resented the suggestion that someone should feed her. She only wanted the nurse to cut the chicken and place the tray on her lap.

Although her face is furrowed and her hand has lost its one-time vigor, Harriet Tubman's mind is astonishingly fresh and active. She not only remembers things that happened when most people's grandmothers were little girls; she has the newspapers read to her and she follows with great interest the important events of the day. Hearing of the coronation of King George V, she requested Miss Anne F. Miller, the granddaughter of Gerrit Smith, to send her congratulations to the king, whose grandmother, the late Queen Victoria, sent a medal and a letter to the old Negro woman who had brought so many of her people to the free soil of Canada.

No such medal or letter is mentioned in the biography of Harriet Tubman, so Miss Miller visited her to obtain further information about this mark of ap-

preciation from the "Great White Mother," as Queen Victoria was affectionately called by her black subjects in Africa. Aunt Harriet said: "It was when the queen had been on the throne sixty years, she sent me the medal. It was a silver medal, about the size of a dollar. It showed the queen and her family. The letter said, 'I read your book to Her Majesty, and she was pleased with it. She sends you this medal.' She also invited me to come over for her birthday party, but I didn't know enough to go. The letter was worn to a shadow, so many people read it. It got lost, somehow or other. Then I gave the medal to my brother's daughter to keep."

I afterward found, on inquiring at the home of her neice, that Aunt Harriet had made no mistake in describing the medal. It is of silver and bears the likenesses of Queen Victoria, her son, grandson and great grandson, the present Prince of Wales. Such medals were circulated throughout the British Empire in commemoration of the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1897, but there can be no doubt that the queen personally directed one to be sent to Harriet Tubman, whose "book" had been read to her. This explains why this token from the greatest white woman of the nineteenth century is not mentioned in the biography of the greatest black woman, for the book of Harriet Tubman, by Mrs. S. H. Bradford, closes with the Civil War.

Satisfied that her honored friend had reasonable ground to congratulate the grandson of Queen Victoria on his coronation, Miss Miller assured Aunt Harriet that she would send a letter to the King of England, but that she would ask me to write it for, as a British subject from the West Indies, I might be more familiar with the proper form of address. And Aunt Harriet

immediately replied, "I know where he came from as soon as I heard him speak."

Aunt Harriet's ready wit is one of her most pleasing qualities. Wishing to make her an honorary member of the Geneva Political Equality Club, Miss Miller said, "I remember seeing you years ago at a suffrage convention in Rochester."

"Yes," the old woman affirmed, "I belonged to Miss Sus'n B. Antony's 'sociation."

"I should like to enroll you as a life member of our Geneva Club. Our motto is Lincoln's declaration: 'I go for all sharing the privileges of the government who assist in bearing its burdens, by no means excluding women.' You certainly have assisted in bearing the burden. Do you really believe that women should vote?"

Aunt Harriet paused a moment as if surprised at this question, then quietly replied, "I suffered enough to believe it."

When Miss Miller asked her full name she answered in solemnly measured tones, "Harriet Tubman Davis."

"Shall I write it with or without Mrs.?"

"Anyway you like, jus' so you git der *Tubman*," the old woman responded.

Aunt Harriet proved by this answer that she is a good suffragette and an independent, self-assertive woman. Tubman, not Davis, was the name of the woman who raided southern plantations and led away slaves, often at the point of the gun, to freedom at the North. Tubman was the name of the woman who nursed the wounded negro soldiers, who broke through the Confederate lines bearing messages to Shaw and Hunter and Gilmore, never hesitating to risk her life in



Harriet Tubman, Union Scout, Spy and Nurse, 1861

TO THE
MEMBERS OF THE
COMMISSIONERS OF THE
LAND OFFICE

the cause of human freedom and in the service of her country. This woman does not wish the name under which she did her great work to be obscured or forgotten.

One of the exploits in which Harriet Tubman took part during the Civil War was the bringing of eight hundred slaves to the headquarters of the Federal army at Beaufort, S. C. These people had been unwilling to leave the plantations, for they mistrusted the Yankee strangers even more than they feared their southern masters. The Federal commander, wishing to cut off the supplies of the Confederates, sent an expedition up the Combahee River to sack the plantations in that region. The expedition was commanded by Colonel Montgomery, and Harriet, with a few colored soldiers, was sent to round up the slaves. When the colonel saw this motley throng of frightened black Israelities, he told their Moses to give them a "word of consolation." And with all the emotional fervor of her African nature the centenarian Amazon sang the words that reassured and consoled her bewildered followers:

"Come along, come along, and don't be fool',
Uncle Sam rich enough to sen' us all to school;
Come along, come along, don't be alarm',
Uncle Sam rich enough to give us all a farm."

At the refrain "come along," Aunt Harriet waved her withered arm with an imperious gesture. After nearly fifty years it had not lost its appeal. To illustrate the effect of her song upon the slaves who first heard it, the African Joan clapped her hands and thumped her feet upon the floor. And the old woman's wrinkles shared the pleasant memory of this splendid achievement as she smiled and said, "I done it dat time, but I don't t'ink I coulda done it ag'in."

Harriet Tubman has long been waiting for Uncle

Sam to fulfill the promises which she made to her followers. As her own book-knowledge was acquired wholly out of school and consists of passages from the Bible which have been read and expounded in her hearing, she has not been able to hasten the educational millenium of black Uncle Sam. But she has anticipated the free farm by giving up her own property to provide a home, small and ill-equipped as it is, for the aged and infirm of her race. Her life has been one long "word of consolation" and inspiration to her people. Her song is well-nigh ended. But when her voice is forever stilled, her soul, like the soul of him whom she calls her dearest friend, will yet be "marching on." For Harriet Tubman's soul—the spirit of progress, the determination to rise above the weight of oppression and injustice and breathe the free air of opportunity—is deeply rooted in the people for whom she has lived and worked.

JAMES B. CLARKE.

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